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DRAWER 28

POSTS



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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with L

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Lampton, W.J.

Lincoln "'Twas not his head that made him --"

LINCOLN

'Twas not his head that made him great;
It was his heart,
That gentler part,
Which, in its kindness, went straight
To all the people, torn and sore,
And like a balm lay softly o'er
The Nation's wounds, and glorified
The life beginning when he died.

—W. J. LAMPTON.

Abraham Lincoln

By W. J. LAMPTON

"WHICH reminds me"—
he loved sunshine
And through the dread-
ful night
That held this land
In its bloody hand
He was the beacon light
Of Freedom and of Union,
And sad, though brave and
strong,
He held the Nation faithful
To right instead of wrong.

"Which reminds me"—that the
glory
Of Lincoln shall not fade,
And what he gave
To freeman and slave
Forevermore has made
This Nation one in spirit,
The spirit that shall hold
Our Flag unfurled
To the whole wide world
In a story God has told.

Lincoln's Task

"Abe" Lincoln was a humble man,
No pride or greed was in his heart.
The burden he carried was more than
Most could bear; his the part
To carry the strain of those war
years—

To stand unwearied through the
dark of night,
To pray and overcome the fears
Which tortured his weary frame, un-
til the light

Of dawn crept up the Eastern sky—
And, with the breaking of the day,
New hope, new strength to try
To find a way

Which might bring peace
To a land torn by civil strife;
That slavery and bondage might cease
And in their stead freedom and
abundant life

CARLETON R. LANCASTER
Westfield, N. Y.

*Buffalo News
2/12/40*

The Boy Lincoln

'Tis dawn; another day is born.
A lad awakes and rises from his bed.
From the cabin door he greets the
morn,
The sun glints on his shaggy head.

Then, having eaten simple fare,
To the silent woods he strides;
His axe all morn is flashing there
Until the sun at noonday rides.

The sun is low in the western sky
Ere a hungry lad returns
To the humble cabin where he'll lie
By a fireplace that burns.

In this stern school "Abe" Lincoln
learned
And to rugged manhood grew.
By ceaseless toil his way he earned,
His life of service knew.

CARLETON R. LANCASTER.

Lincoln's Pioneer Spirit

By rugged toil,
The pioneer earned his daily bread;
Wrested a living from the stubborn soil
And humbly asked God's blessings on
his head.

Peace of mind, health and character
were his reward
For work well done; and at the end of
day

He set his weathered face toward
The setting sun, to wonder at its linger-
ing ray.

Patience, loyalty and reverence were
engrained

In the hardy spirit of the race,
A boundless faith sustained
Them, for the trials they bravely faced.

Lincoln was one of these,
His faith was unshakeable, strong;
He knew despair, but humbly on his
knees

He prayed for the Union that right
might triumph over wrong.

CARLETON R. LANCASTER.
Westfield, N. Y.

Buffalo Free Press
3/12/42

Normal Plans and Primary Instructor

February, 1924.

A Ballad of Lincoln**By Bessie E. Langdon**

Many a ballad was written and sung,
Of men of old, when the world was
 young;
But in our land, in later time,
Lived one as worthy of song or
 rhyme.

No knight in shining armor he,
But listen awhile and you shall see
That our hero chose the better part—
He had a knightly, chivalrous heart.

Born to poverty was this boy,
A mother's love his only joy;
A barren life, indeed, it seems,
But he'd ambitions, hopes and dreams.

He followed those dreams through all
 the years,
Followed them still through mists of
 tears,
When loss and failure came to him,
And youthful hopes seemed far and
 dim.

Though lonely and steep his daily
 path,
He always remembered how to laugh;
No matter how dark or how bright the
 way
He was always meek enough to pray.

Thus he came to our nation's bitter
 hour,
When the need was a man of highest
 power,
And the boy who had learned how to
 toil and pray
Made the man to whom we turned that
 day.

Still his feet trod ever a lonely way;
A nation's debt seemed his to pay,
And the weight of our country's sad-
 dest war
On his tender, loving heart he bore.

Hated, he never learned to hate,
(Why were men blind until so late?)
And yet, secure the path he trod,
For he had his faith and he had his
 God.

Grown strong by toil, it was his hands
That loosed the slaves' oppressive
 bands;
He held close every sister state,
When hatred wished the cord to break.

"Self-made," we sometimes say of men,
"God-made" is what we say of him;
In God's own forge his heart was
 made,
His great life work in God's plan laid.

Why should we tell of knight and
 king,
When of our Lincoln we may sing?
Loved is his name—immortal word!—
Wherever Freedom's voice is heard.

Langdon, B. E.

The Debt

"Though Lincoln was of lowly
birth —"

Normal Instructor and Primary Plans

February, 1926.

The Debt

By Bessie E. Langdon

Though Lincoln was of lowly birth,
He brought to the world most wondrous
gifts,
Jewels of hope and faith and love,—
The best of wealth for sad old Earth.

Not all men's bitterness and hate
Could daunt him, though he felt each
jeer;
He walked with God, and in Him found
The strength which made him truly
great.

How did his fellow-men repay
Him who helped save this hate-torn
world?
They gave this man a martyr's death,
And loneliness along the way.

And so the debt to him remains,
To him who made our country whole;
Who by his power of faith and love
Once healed disunion, broke slaves'
chains.

And pay this debt earth never can,
Until men learn what Lincoln taught
Throughout his life, by word and
deed—
A love for country, God, and man.

Poor little Tad!
In that White House chamber,
Desolate and sad,
Where he used to clamber
To his father's side,
When a lull of leisure
Gave him leave to bide
For a moment's pleasure.

Just the other day
Lightly, cheerily talking--
Boy and man so gay--
Hand in hand were walking
Through the Richmond street,
Cleared of rank secession--
Now, those silent feet!
Now, that slow procession!

Dear little Tad!
Do not stop his weeping--
What a sire he had!
With that head lie sleeping
Wisdom's gentleness,
Upright truth, and kindness
That could never guess
Treason's maddened blindness.

Child so sore bereft,
See, an orphaned nation
At your side is left;
Shares your desolation--
Round that funeral pall,
Mourning millions bending--
'Tis your grief, that all
Loyal souls is rending.

For that Father's sake,
Boy he loved so dearly
Love and blessing take
From the nation nearly
Saved by his right hand!
Be our son, our brother!
Take him, sorrowing Land,
With his heart-crushed mother;

Take them, ours to cheer,
To protect and cherish!
Of the man so dear
Let no memory perish
From the country's care,
Whole through his endeavour,
Warm yet with his prayer--
His are ours, forever!

Weep, little Tad!
God, who loves, must chasten.
When we dare be glad--
When the good times hasten,

Bringin His firm peace,
And our thanks address Him--
This will never cease:
"Abraham Lincoln! bless him!"

For his namesake old,
O'er whom centuries slumber,
Once a Voice foretold
Blessings beyond number,
Abraham lived; but he
Gave his life-blook, rather.
Thrice-blest shall we be,
In our martyrd Father.

Congregationalist
Reprinted in Living Age Vol. xxix 1337 (?)

LINCOLN.

Lincoln! Sweet as the perfume of the
rose,

Thy name with Washington's shall
gently glide

The ages down, and in thy country's
pride

The Proclamation, glad and dear to
those

Into whose lives the air of Freedom
blows,

Shall always be her richest gem and
'bide

Among her treasured archives—
glorified—

The radiance clear from which true
manhood flows:

And as the years go by, thy spotless
name

High in the nation's scroll shall have
a place,

And children's children still shall glad-
ly claim,—

Of every clime and blood and tongue
and race,—

To join the splendid chorus of thy fame,
So full of Love and Faith and Hope
and Grace.

—Henry Alexander Lavely.

Abraham Lincoln

A HUMBLE name, a humble man,
a humble life at best,
And yet, withal, he scaled the top-
most towers of success!
Although he came unheralded from
dim obscurity,
When others are forgotten, he will
live eternally.
We treasure him in memory of a
silent life and brave,
Of honesty and courage that endure
beyond the grave,
Of sympathy and gentleness, of
truth and love and wit,
That filled his very heart until they
were too much for it!
Through all the dark and bitter
days he trod a lonely path,
And probed a nation's suffering and
bore a nation's wrath,
In spite of all the hours that he
dwelt a life apart,
Not once he failed to hear and
speak the language of the
heart!
Kingdoms rise and nations fall as
years are spinning on;
Heroes live their hour once and yes-
terdays are gone.
But changeless as the rugged hills,
eternal as the sky,
Lincoln lives forever—there are men
who never die!

—Anne Mary Lawler.

Phil Bulletin 2-11-33

Abraham Lincoln

HE was such an humble man, as
men must be
Who know the wisdom of humility;
He was such an honest man, as wise
men are,
Who look on justice as a steady
star
No helmsman ever dares ignore
In guiding toward a distant shore.
He was such a human man, who
never lost
The human touch in counting up
the cost
Of things possessed, of deeds well
done,
Of honors fairly garnered, one by
one—
And we remember him less lastingly
For his success, than his humility!

—Anne Mary Lawler.

Shula

Eve Ledger 2-12-34

Lawrence, Charles W. THE LINCOLN LEGEND "With time the legend changes;
now we see"

By CHARLES W. LAWRENCE.

The Lincoln Legend

With time the legend changes; now
we see

The man as martyr, dwelling in the
light

Of more than mortal wisdom, come
to be

The symbol of compassion for the
plight

Of all who could not rise. His
words and deeds

Gain greater stature year by year,
the truth

Expands with telling and his name
succeeds

To demi-godhood in the books of
youth.

In this sense history is cruel. A
touch

Of genius in a trying time will lift
The great headlong to glory, but

minus much.

Of that wise faith that made them
so. The gift

Of greatness is a paradox that can
Crucify less the martyr than the
man.

2-12-49
Charles W. Lawrence

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Immortal themes, immortal dreams
Impresses human souls,
The "Ship of State" on wisdom's fate
Forever onward rolls.
Would not these themes; would not
these dreams

An inspiration lend?
We'd long to know; we'd long to go
Where other channels wend.

And had this country's glorious growth
Been strewn with roses sweet,
And bedded soft in down and moss
Would triumphant cause our hearts to
beat?

Would appreciation stand forthwith,
Blended in patriotic love?
Would admiration frame the forms
Of noble countrymen now above?

But never such could be the case,
For glory knows defeat;
And each as brothers shake a hand
When passing on the street
Deceat has been the ladder
On which Old Glory rests,
And the poorest man of our dear land
Now seems to be most blest.

His features tell a story
As we gaze on his serious face.
God sent him here to teach to man
That each deserves his place.
He bore the message he should bear
With unflinching strength and power
But his heart, to bleed when he num-
bered the dead,
In moments of his trying hour.

No, if all were only sunshine
Then his dear face would go,
For shadows form the contrast
That make us love it so.
And now, as one in hearts and throats,
We'll salute old Uncle Sam,
And honor him for his heaven-sent gift.
For God sent Abraham.

—Mrs. Katie Ledferd.

Northwest Verse

Spokane Has a Lincoln Square

By LANCELOT LE DOUX

Hurrah! Spokane enjoys at last a Lincoln Square;

It's not so large, as such things go, but pretty fair.

One drives across Monroe Street Bridge, and, heading South,

One sees Old Abe, with hat in hand, compress'd his mouth,

His gaze in space, as if in distant reverie, Attentive to the bugles sounding reveille.

Around him, rise the stately structures of Spokane.

In front, the friendly "Club," now boasting cross-Main span:

At left, the U.S. Court House, beautiful and new,

Its upper floors displaying quite an airplane view

Of Lilac City's mounting sky-line, while next-door

The Postal Service handles business as before

At right, the popular and pleasant Library, With frontal doors on Main, enables one to see,

Through picture-windows, sights that not so long ago

Were deem'd impossible: The steady ebb and flow

Of one-way traffic, render'd safe by signals, where

Their lights play on the grassy lawn of Lincoln Square.

LINCOLN*Chicago Sunday Tribune*
2-12-24
By Guy Lee

Five score and thirteen years ago
The wilderness brought forth a man
To whom life offered little either
In heredity or environment.
From his birth to his death the furies
Waged constant war on the fates
Along his path. When patience and genius
Prevailed against penury and heartache,
With success came malice, treachery, and abuse
To mock his triumph. But, firm of faith,
Steadfast of purpose, and forgiving of heart,
He breasted the storm and marched to martyrdom.

Immortal of immortals! The mighty fall
And are destroyed. The proud go by
And are forgotten. But Lincoln lives on.
Throughout the years he is enshrined
In memory. There is no tongue that speaks not
His praise, and his face is friend
To every child. As Time recedes
It brings him nearer to us.

I hope the soul exists after the body dies,
For if it does, Lincoln, who on earth
Was lonely and unthanked, now knows
He is brother to all mankind.
And in the veneration of the world
Finds his reward

Abraham Lincoln

With humane love within his heart
The great emancipator came,
His own compassion to impart
To all men bearing slavery's
name.

He pledged himself to do this work,
With humane love within his
heart,

And from the task he did not shirk,
But deftly plied his skillful art.
Through faith in God, and prayer-
ful start

He strove his life to consecrate,
With humane love within his heart,
The bondaged race to liberate.

To him then came the victory:
He vanquished cruel block and
mart,

And thus established liberty—
With humane love within his
heart.

—Mayme Lee, Franklin.

Lincoln.

As One born long ago in manger-bed—
Excluded tenant from the halls of pride—
So Lincoln came in lowly hut of logs,
The wolves of want snarled nightly at the
door,

But, safe in love's strong arms he lay, until
Fed coarsely at the woodman's frugal board
The babe, with sense alert, became the boy
Who, learning reverence at a mother's knee,
At length stepped forth in wondering surprise,
To gaze upon a world awaiting him—

Yet knowing not as a deliverer!
Though in extreme of poverty he came,
God gave him dreams of coming leadership
While vision-books gave virtue to his mind.
The forest sang of freedom to his soul.
Thus, wasting naught, and e'er conserving all,
His spirit swept toward great accomplish-
ment

As our imperial river to the sea,
In manhood's prime he came unto his own—
To save the nation from a shameful death.
Serene, secure, 'mid threatening clouds of
war,

He stood like jutting rock amid the waves,
Nor trembled when the whirling tempest
broke,

But smiled at the futility of hate.
He stood with God, as Moses stood, alone,
And listened while Eternal Wisdom spoke
Then, as he left the trusting place of power,
Unangered looked on man's estranging sin,
Nor spiteful broke the tablets of the law,
But held them close, till, graven on his heart,
Their every precept lived in love divine.

He knew the heights as climbed from lowest
plane:

Yet all unharmed by honors heaped on him
And often on the upward way he paused,
Soul-bowed beneath the weight of others' woe.
A sad-eyed pilgrim on fame's glaring steeps.
At last, 'mid silent guns, peace, regnant,
smiled,

As warrior grey clasped hands with him in
blue

Then, through the glorious rays that circled
him—

A peerless presence in the court of kings—
Rushed on, like hideous shade of blackest
hell,

One crazed of pride, who laid our leader low!
His body passed to darkness of the tomb,
His spirit sped to light ineffable,

Thenceforth to guide the nation as the sun.
Form, rugged as some mighty oaken tree;
Heart, gentle as a mother's soft caress;

Wise in his day as Solomon was wise,
And merciful as David's gracious Lord,
He conquered malice, yielding love to all.

'Tis thus his people sing his fadeless fame!

—JOHN FORD LEFLER.

Buffalo, Feb. 11th.



Lincoln's Birthday

By Richard Le Gallienne

BORN, by the unknown chemistry of God,
Of simple folk, out of a simple womb,
As some times in a blank unfeatured waste
A giant pine shall loom;
Unfellowed, alien, past believing there,
So Lincoln came to be.

Great men have been
Whose making we can guess at, showing where
This and that came from, how and whence they grew,
But there are others sprung from the Unseen,
Nurtured we know not how to be and do
Greatly, untutored in any mortal school
That little helps the wise, and leaves the fool a fool.

None knew whence Lincoln that deep wisdom drew,
So shrewd, so tender; not from books it came,
Nor from a mother's breast, nor aught he knew
A father's gift; the oil that fed the flame
Of his great soul some hidden hand did pour:
Lincoln was born—we know that and no more.
Nor shall America his greatness claim,
He gave her greatness, not from her it came.

Teller of laughing tales, in heart a child,
Warm human nature's grand epitome,
Friend of its sorrows, to its frailties mild,
Stern but to liars and hypocrisy;
Comrade of all its simple-hearted joy,
Fun-lover, to the last grim hour a boy,
All smiled when Lincoln smiled.

O statesman just and calm, how kind the eyes,
The vigilant watchmen of the unclouded mind,
Master of the long patience of the wise,
Friend of his foes, and studious to find
The core of right beneath the seeming wrong,
Fearless to wrest the wrong back to the right,
And with a magic utterance, clear as song,
To flood dark matters with the simple light.

No spirit in these latter days has trod
So humanly the common ways of man,
Yet walked so close to the wise heart of God,
To learn for earth the heaven-appointed plan.

This dedicated day that bears his name,
Love is the gift we bring him where he sleeps,
Too great for laurels and too high for fame,
For still in death his simple state he keeps.

Nor the mad fool that snapped the golden thread
Of his great being shall we execrate,
For at that throne where stand the guilty dead
Who knows but that a gentle advocate
For him, long since forgiven, is there to plead,
The murdered for the murderer to intercede—
'Twas ever Lincoln's way that knew not hate.

New York Herald Tribune 2-12-26



Lehman,
Ida B.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HOPLEY FAMILY ON THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT - ERRECTED TO
JOHN E. HOPLEY FIRST STATE COUNSEL OF THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY AT
BUCYRUS OHIO - AUGUST 25 - 1929

JOHN E.
HOPLEY

"The twenty-
fifth of
August in
nineteen
twenty-nine"

The Twenty fifth of August
In nineteen twenty nine
To celebrate a Birthday
And dedicate a shrine
To honor John E. Hopley
Who gave his time and care
That coming generations
May pleasant journeys share
State Counsel Lincoln
Highway
Ohio's first who led
In loyalty and honor
He's numbered with the dead.
A monument erected
For this Bucyrus man
Who proved a life of service
A real American.
This Monument of boulders
Contributed so free
That those of coming ages
May pass along and see
The boulders from the
distance
Have left their native bed
To mark a spot in memory
Of our beloved dead

The stone wall of Southampton
Which stood five hundred
years
Gave up an ebenezers
For one of her past peers
Also from Montevideo
Of Uruguay a stone
From Elkton in Kentucky
His early boy hood home
The birthplace of Abe Lincoln
Too would incorporate
And add to Lincoln High-
way
Of ceremonial state.
We love the old time
custom
To mark a place of note
The history of boulders
Of which the Prophets
wrote.
Now let the world give
honor
To whom is honor due
And praise the great
Creator
For men who wrought
for you

→ By Ida B. Lehman, Cousin of C. H. Martin
Bluffton Ohio
Rt. 2 - Box 200
Lancaster
Penn'a.

THE GRAVE OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.
(Died Oct. 5, 1818—Aged 35 Years.)

Through dogwood and through redbud trees,
A rugged path conveys its guests
Unto the hallowed plot of ground
Where Nancy Lincoln's body rests.
The grave, inclosed with rustic fence,
And marked with simple slab of stone,
Enhances Indiana's soil . . .
And lies in Lincoln park . . . alone.

While following this trail, one thinks
Of Lincoln as a studious lad;
And of his mother's gentle love,

And 'all the hardships which they had.
There comes to mind the cabin home,
Its glassless window and dirt floor—
A structure built of crudest logs,
With chimney place and one lone door.

One thinks, while standing by the tomb,
Of Tom and Abe with broken hearts;
And how, with trembling hands, they made
The casket and its meager parts.
Then comes the thought of ties which bind,
With strength and sacred vision clear—
Enabling life, so rich and pure,
To conquer and to vanquish fear.

To walk the ways where they have trod,
And feel their spirits' essence near,
Inspires the inner soul, anew,
With aspirations to revere.
One longs to linger at this shrine,
As Lincoln must have loitered there
And held communion with his God—
Through heart-felt gratitude and prayer.
Franklin. MARY HAGLER LeMASTERS.

And 2/8/42

THE OSKALOOSA TIME

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915.

A Briton's Tribute to Lincoln.

During the Civil War the London Punch, a paper that was highly popular at that time, took a lively interest in American affairs and gave a good deal of space especially to Abraham Lincoln, whom they held up to ridicule with biting sarcasm. Their cartoonist, Tom Taylor (Mark Lemon), took particular delight in depicting Lincoln as a modern Caliban, coarse, uncouth and plebian. A genius in his line, he found ample material for his ready pen in the stories that were circulated by Lincoln's enemies concerning his humble origin; his lack of reverence for "good-form," that intangible net work of social usage so dear to the British heart; and most of all in Lincoln's personal appearance and dress, which were undeniably not in accord with the fastidious dictates of Bond Street. We can well understand, from a study of cartooning as it is employed today, just how eagerly a cartoonist on a paper catering to a cynical-minded public would seize upon such superficial characteristics in an enemy and turn them into ammunition.

But Lincoln's greatness was of the kind that, like the greatness of God, is universal in its appeal, and everyone with a spark of monhood in his soul, coming in personal contact with him or following his career with any degree of care, came sooner or later under the sway of his mighty personality. Gradually even to that remote and alien little group of men in the London printing office, whose existences were as far removed from that of Lincoln as if they had inhabited another planet, and whose sole reason for following Lincoln's career originally had been that they might better ridicule him, there came a realization of the greatness of the man, and finally a reverence and love for him. And it was this same Mark Lemon who at the time of the assassination of Lincoln wrote the following poem, which was printed in the London Punch accompanying a drawing of a somber bier with a wreath upon it:

Abraham Lincoln

Fouly Assassinated April 4, 1865.
You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
You whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, ironlike, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill, the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one, who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weight of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seem to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were—upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with a martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

In these days when the fate of our nation is hanging in a balance there are hundreds of Tom Tayer's busy ridiculing President Wilson. When the clouds have lifted a little it may be that some of these will feel the same regret that the famous cartoonist of Punch felt when he penned the above.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[Mark Lemon to London Punch.]

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier.

You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,

Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,

Judging each step as though the way were plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes: He had lived to 'shame me from my sneer,

To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem
more true;

How iron-like his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do;
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,

If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Rights
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil;
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear:
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;

Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,

If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

HONORABLE MENTION
LIFE OF ABE LINCOLN

*By Philip Lepore, 163 Sterling
Street, Clinton*

On February 12, 1809,
In a cabin old and worn,
In the hills of old Kentucky,
Abraham Lincoln was born.

As he grew older,
He studied by the firelight,
With the few books he could get,
His mother his teacher by night.

One day a teacher came that way,
And offered to teach the boy,
That he could be further educated
Was one of his greatest joys.

He became active in politics,
And in the year 1834
He was elected to the Legislature,
Something he had been hoping for.

In 1842
He married Miss Mary Todd,
An intellectual woman,
A belle of his native sod.

Many years passed;
He was nominated for president.
He was a proud and happy man,
Knowing well what this honor
meant.

So on the sixth of November,
Abraham Lincoln was elected.
This was the fine type of man
The people had selected.

Four years later,
He was chosen for another term,
A good and gentle man,
He ruled with hand so firm.

One day while in a theater,
A theater large and grand,
He was shot by Wilkes Booth,
Bringing the end to a wonderful
man.

Bryant, J. Cullen
Levien, Douglas A.

SONG OF THE DEMOCRACY.

We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand strong,
To save you from the clutches of the abolition throng.
You've heard from Pennsylvania and from Indiana too,
And Ohio has been speaking through her ballot box to you!
The sturdy men of iron, from the Furnace and the Mine,
With the Hoosiers and the Buckeye boys are wheeling into line;
They are marching to the music of the Union as of yore,
And Illinois is coming after them, Three Hundred Thousand and more!

We are marching, Father Abraham, to that familiar tune
With which so oft, in former years, we've reared that same old soon!
Once more from hill and valley, it rings forth with cheering sound,
To gladden every household where a loyal heart is found.
See! Every star is blazoned on the banner we unfold;
For the Union that our Jackson saved, our Sherman will uphold!
To scatter all the Nation's foes—the Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand and more!

We are coming, Father Abraham, and as we march along,
We'll relieve you of the "pressure" of the abolition throng!
You told them that you could not make a pig's leg of its tail,
And that against the comet papal bulls would not avail.
They would not heed your anecdotes or listen to your plea,
They swore that white men should be slaves, and niggers should be free!
But you need not mind their ravings now, or tremble at their roar,
For we're coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand and more!

We are coming, Father Abraham, so cast away your fears,
It's the Democratic "slogan" that is ringing in your ears,
They pretend to call us traitors! But we point you to the blood
That soaks into Virginia's soil—that dyes Potomac's flood,
That stains the hills of Maryland, the plains of Tennessee,
Such "Traitors," Father Abraham, this Union loves to see.
It's a growing "Traitor" army that is thundering at your door,
And Illinois'll swell the columns with Three Hundred Thousand more.

We are coming, Father Abraham, to vindicate the laws,
To hold the Starry Banner up—to guard the Nation's cause!
Our motto is—"The White Man's Rights"—for this we've battled long—
For this we'll fight with sinewy arms, with earnest hearts and strong—
For this we'll burst Fort Warren's bars, and crumble Le Fayette—
For this we'll crush the Nation's foes, and save the Union yet!
Thus speaks the North! Oh, Abraham, you'll heed its mighty roar,
When Illinois shall swell the chorus with Three Hundred Thousand more!

"We are coming Father Abrahahm,

Levine, Bert

A BIRTHDAY PRAYER

"Again our country is mindful
of its tribute to A"

A Birthday Prayer

(A Double Acrostic)

BY BERT LEVINE

Again our country is mindful of its tribute to A
Beneficent statesman. All our heartstrings throB
Remembering as we do Lincoln's humaneness, valoR
And his kindnesses to the pitifully oppressed. A
Hero in homespun, who, unto his very last breath
Advocated, the one thing, which to us in America
Means so much — and all that it implies: freedom

Liberty and justice: not for just a few, but all.
In commemorating this day, let's resolve, you, I,
Numbering well over a hundred and thirty million
Comprising this homeland of ours; this republic
Of the people, by the people, for the people, to
Laud and thank him, in prayer, for our wonderful
Nation, and that it be kept free forever! Amen.

Fos Angeles Times 2-17-45

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Copyright, 1922. (New York Evening World) by Press Publishing Co.

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln! What was he to gain such high fame?
What made all people honor his very name?
What did he accomplish to merit such praise?
Why are his name and truth spoken in a phrase?
He was a noble man, faithful and true,
He possessed fearlessness and kindness too,
He scorned the untruthful, the coward he spurned,
And in his heart the flame of truth burned.
To those in dire need and to those in distress
A kind word he always was sure to address.
To those who at any time sought out his aid,
He gave it unflinchingly, never afraid.
Honest and kind, upholding the right,
The truth e'er his symbol and his guiding light,
Combined in but one man, each praiseworthy trait
Makes Lincoln foremost in the ranks of the great.

By EVELYN P. LEVITTAN, age thirteen, Brooklyn.

Evening World 2-11-1922

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Do you think that Abraham Lincoln was born in a wonderful mansion? No, indeed, for his birthplace was only a log cabin, with not even a door and windows. In this place it was, oh, so cold. Only a candle was used to light the gloomy cabin.

Don't you, in your cozy homes, think that as he grew Abraham Lincoln had an awful time? Don't you think he had to use his imagination very much? For you see, he wanted to think his ugly little cabin was a nice, big, cheerful home, with many doors and windows and all lit up by magic lights.

But the little lad had one big comfort, and that was his dear, beloved mother. She was so wonderful to him, a kind of fairy, you know. And wouldn't little Abraham just love to nestle up to his mother and be taught how to read and write, and be told



MARIE MASON West Indies.

COUSIN MARIE

MASON, who has promised to write and illustrate for the Kiddie Klub Korner an account of her trip to the

crackerjack stories, and that God is divine, and many, many other things?

After the boy had seen his sweet mother buried near his cabin home and after he had gone away from this home, he saw some innocent victims, men, women and children, chained, ready to be sold as slaves. Oh, why couldn't everybody be free? Why did color matter? Did not God create people, thinking of us all as His children? And God has always thought of justice, Lincoln knew. And therefore Abraham Lincoln wanted to free the slaves.

With this thought still in mind, Abraham Lincoln, in later years, became President of the United States.

Blessed is the man who loves the poor as well as the rich, one race as well as another, and is determined to show he is right.

Such a man was Lincoln. To him justice was very much more than just a word. To him justice was everything. I do hope we all appreciate Abraham Lincoln as we should. His very name should be sacred.

By FANNIE MUCHNICK, Brooklyn, N. Y. *Evening World 2-11-22*

Ernest C. Lewerenz

Concordia College

FORT WAYNE 4, INDIANA

Department of Languages

102 Concordia College Grds
Fort Wayne, Indiana
March 21, 1944

Mr. Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Museum
Lincoln National Life
Insurance Co.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Doctor Warren,

Enclosed I am sending you a copy of my poem entitled
"A Portrait of Lincoln", which appeared in THE FORT WAYNE
NEWS-SENTINEL on March 10th of this year.

It was suggested to me by several people that you
would, no doubt, be pleased to have a copy of this poem.

Respectfully
yours,

(Prof.) Ernest C. Lewerenz.

A Portrait of Lincoln

Behold the man whom Providence selected
To guide the Nation in its darkest day!
Its sorrow, in his saddened face reflected,
Weighs heavy, as his brooding eyes survey
The wretchedness of war and his yearning soul
Peers through the darkness to perceive the goal.

He must, because of duty and devotion,
Uphold the cause, for which men struggle, die:
That freedom is no false or foolish notion
But all men's sacred birthright from on High
And that the Nation, which was so conceived,
Shall be preserved, its destiny achieved.

And yet, he's deeply grieved by the affliction
That smites the Nation in its wretched plight:
When brothers fight each other from conviction
As passions blaze, each thinking he is right;
When guns of passionate arguments had boomed,
Attempts to stay the tragedy were doomed.

It seems a myst'ry that is awe-inspiring,
That God then sends His gift to humankind
When, at a turning-point, a man requiring,
Heroic in proportion, a master-mind,
As prophet, leader, savior, unafraid-
And for the race momentous gains are made.

Such is this man. He speaks with inspiration
And counsels friend and foe throughout the Land,
The Bible and the Founders' Declaration
His light and strength. With Heaven-guided hand,
Through stress and storm of war, he firmly leads-
The Union's saved, Democracy proceeds.

He pleads for fairness, firmness, faith, and vision,
America- "the last great hope of earth"-;
He bids Thy people make the bold decision
That freedom constantly shall find "new birth".
Resolved as he, pursue that solemn task!
That's all the homage this great man would ask.

#####

102 Concordia College Grds
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Ernest C. Lewerenz

Ernest C. Lewerenz

3 Lewerenz, Ernest C.

Portrait of Lincoln

"Behold the man whom Providence
selected

Ernest C. Lewerenz

Concordia College

FORT WAYNE, 4 INDIANA

Department of Languages

102 Concordia College Grds
Fort Wayne, Indiana
May 5, 1944

Mr. Louis A Warren, Ph.D.
Lincoln Museum
Lincoln National Life
Insurance Co.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Doctor Warren,

Enclosed I am sending you a revised copy of my poem
entitled "Portrait of Lincoln", of which I sent you a
copy on March 21.

If you should find it worthy of publication in your
Company's magazine or if you wish to use it in any other
way, you have my full permission to do so. I have dedica-
ted it to the memory of Lincoln, our great President.

Respectfully yours,

Ernest C. Lewerenz

Portrait of Lincoln

Behold the man whom Providence selected
To guide the Nation in its darkest day!
Its sorrow, in his saddened face reflected,
Weighs heavy, as his brooding eyes survey
The wretchedness of war and his yearning soul
Peers through the darkness to perceive the goal.

He must, because of duty and devotion,
Uphold the cause, for which men struggle, die:
That freedom is no false or foolish notion
But all men's sacred birthright from on High,
That the Republic, which was so conceived,
Shall be preserved, its destiny achieved.

And yet, he's deeply grieved by the affliction
That smites the Nation in its wretched plight:
When brothers fight each other from conviction
As passions blaze, each thinking he is right.
When guns of passionate arguments had boomed,
Attempts to stay the tragedy were doomed.

It seems a myst'ry that is awe-inspiring,
That God then sends His gift to humankind
When, at a turning-point, a man requiring,
Heroic in proportion, a master-mind,
As prophet, leader, savior, unafraid-
And for the race momentous gains are made.

Such is this man. He speaks with inspiration
And counsels friend and foe throughout the Land,
The Bible and the Founders' Declaration
His light and strength. With Heaven-guided hand
He holds the course, as on to peace he leads-
The Union is saved, Democracy proceeds.

He pleads for fairness still, for firmness, vision,
America, Thou "last great hope of earth".
He bids Thy people make the bold decision
That freedom constantly shall find "new birth".
Resolved as he, pursue that solemn task!
That's all the homage this great man would ask.

#####

102 Concordia College Grds
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Ernest C. Lewerenz

Ernest C. Lewerenz

Portrait of Lincoln

To The Editor of The News-Sentinel:

BEHOLD the man whom Providence
selected
To guide the Nation in its darkest day!
Its sorrow, in his saddened face re-
flected,
Weighs heavy, as his brooding eyes
survey
The wretchedness of war and his yearn-
ing soul
Peers through the darkness to perceive
the goal.

He must, because of duty and devotion,
Uphold the cause, for which men
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And that the Nation, which was so
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Shall be preserved, its destiny achieved.

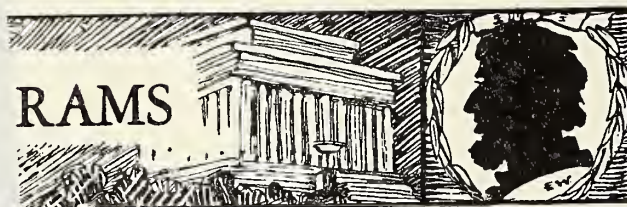
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He pleads for justice, firmness, faith,
and vision,
America—"the last great hope of
earth";
He bids Thy people make the bold
decision
That freedom constantly shall find
"new birth."
Resolved as he, pursue that solemn
task!
That's all the homage this great man
would ask.

ERNEST C. LEWDERENZ,
102 Concordia College Grds.



A Lincoln Acrostic

By Lillian F. Lewis

(Seven children may recite the lines in concert. The form of the verse makes it undesirable to give each line separately.)

Long live your honored deeds and name
In annals of our nation's fame.
No chief can hold a higher place,
Can better speak for all the race;
Oh, may we emulate your grace!
Let none forget your noble life,
Nor service in our civil strife.

John Hutchinson Feb 1933

Lewis, Paul Elmer

**PORTRAIT OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

This face was formed of sand-
stone and clay,

Of mountain crags and canyon
walls;

These features knew the wear
of wind

And force of waterfalls.

Long glaciers cut as chisels here

And there are crevices for
eyes,

And in the depths are brooding
pools,

And there compassion lies.

A sadness for men's savagery—

But find your own signifi-
cance;

As for myself, I'm always struck

By his magnificence.

—PAUL ELMER LEWIS

Lidstone, Reginald

Lincoln

"Abraham Lincoln was honest
and brave"

LINCOLN

*By Reginald Lidstone, Aged 14, 8
Catalpa Street, Worcester*

Abraham Lincoln was honest and brave
And made for himself a great name;
In many ways he showed that his crave
Was to be honest and not to get fame.

He earned his bread daily by honest
work,
Splitting rails and running a store
Or studying law 'cause he could never
shirk,
While he eagerly learned by just plain
book lore.

Lieberman, Elias

Lincoln was a Tall Man

"Lincoln was a tall man"

Lincoln Was a Tall Man

Lincoln was a tall man,
Soul and limb;
Never may a small man
Measure him.

His mind could dig as
Deep as dearth;
His heart was as big as
The whole round earth.

He towered and towered
Beyond all hate;
His love empowered
Decrees of state.

He broke old chains and
Man-made bars;
He strode the plains and
Grasped the stars.

Lincoln was a tall man,
Soul and limb;
Never may a small man
Measure him.

ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

NY.

Rec'd
2/12/43



THE PEOPLE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Elias Lieberman

Abe Lincoln, you were one of us; they count our kind by millions,
 Who walk in shadow all of life until the lightning flares;
 In war we are expendables; our wealth is spent in billions
 To purchase quick oblivion for all our hopes and cares.
 We march to songs that move our feet, but fail to reassure us;
 We rise to banners, catchwords, names, like hungry trout to bait;
 The fishermen whose prey we are know what is best to lure us,
 And as we die the anglers ply their rods and call it fate.

Abe Lincoln, we are patriots; we love our country's flag;
 We love its soil, its villages, its hills and city streets;
 Our forbears saw the eagle wing from crag to distant crag
 In lordly flight across the seas rocking with broken fleets.
 But we are fathers, mothers, too, who see tall sons and daughters
 Release their grip on common bonds, break off familiar ties,
 Face death and fall. . . . We look with dread across the angry waters,
 Beholding portents loom through clouds that billow out and rise.

Abe Lincoln, Death in wanton mood can circle earth to shatter
 Whatever in his mad caprice he marks for lethal blows;
 He need not shake the mountaintops; the smallest grain of matter
 Becomes a cataract of doom that nothing can oppose.
 Abe Lincoln, help us stir in men the wells of deep forgiving;
 Recall to them the faith that lies in serving common good;
 You rose to life; your great soul wrought a miracle of living
 As He has taught. . . . Show us the way from hate to brotherhood.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Was born in a home
With poverty blessed,
His books were few,
But they were the best.

His mind was alert,
He craved mental food,
He studied the book
That made the man good.

While yet a young man
He received a great shock,
He saw men selling men
On the slave's auction block.

He resolved in his heart,
And he swore to the Lord,
If I e'er get a chance
I will hit this thing hard.

Through years of hard toil,
In poverty's school,
He used all his talents,
For he was no fool.

His life had been planned,
The die had been cast,
God's will must be done,
His day came at last.

The day came at last,
For this was God's will,
The vow he had made
He now must fulfill.

One stroke of his pen,
Oh! marvelous deed,
His vow is fulfilled,
Four millions are freed.

Come look on his face
All furrowed with care,
You'll see loving kindness.
There's naught but love there.

Yes, look on his face,
So patient and kind,
He'd a heart big enough
To include all mankind.

He finished his task,
He endured to the end,
We stand with bared heads
Before the world's friend.

—C. S. Lincoln.

**A LINCOLN DAY MESSAGE TO THE
CHILDREN OF AMERICA.***May 13, 1862*

(Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln has written this Lincoln birthday poem for the children of America that her memory of Lincoln may help them to remember that this great leader and lover of liberty is still calling upon them to do their best for the cause for which our country is at war. When Mrs. Lincoln was a very little girl she was once kissed by President Lincoln, and she says that that kiss upon her forehead has seemed like a blessing all through her life. The influence of the message Lincoln gave her has passed down to many little Americans through the books she has written for children. Although Abraham Lincoln died many years ago, his spirit still lives in the hearts of the people of America—in the hearts of the boys and girls as well as of the men and women, for he loved children very dearly. Lincoln's advice to his own children, and to those others he knew best, was to be helpful, to be kind, to be unselfish, for those qualities help the world more than any other, in war as well as in peace.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.)

The message:

The clock struck twelve. In slumber lay
A tiny maid, of seven,
Her soft blue eyes gazed far away,
And caught a glimpse of Heaven.
She saw a face benign—his brow
Had lines she could not read
But oh, the eyes beneath, spoke now
Of tender love, indeed.

Thus said the Vision: "Little child,
Would'st know the heart of Life?
Each day achieve some action, mild,
Devoid of selfish strife.
Some loving act of kindness paid
To aid another's heart,
A stepping-stone to Heaven, dear maid,
Make of your life a part."

The Vision passed—the maid awoke,
She dreamed an angel came;
Perchance his spirit to her spoke?
And Lincoln was his name.

—Jeanie Gould Lincoln.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY LIZZIE LINCOLN.

Over the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who've crossed to the other side,
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see,
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carrying another, the household pet;
 Her brown curls waving in the gentle gale,
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on the bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
 We felt it glide from its silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day,
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail
 I shall hear the boat as it nears the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me!

Lines on the Death of Col. E. Baker.

By Willie Lincoln.

There was no patriot like Baker,
So noble and so true;
He fell as a soldier on the field,
His face to the sky of blue.

His voice is silent in the hall
Which oft his presence graced;
No more he'll hear the loud acclaim
Which rang from place to place.

No squeamish notions filled his breast--
The Union was his theme;
"No surrender, and no compromise,"
His day-~~though~~ thought and night's dream.

His country has her ~~though~~ part to play
Towards those he has left behind;
His widow and his children all,
She must always keep in mind.

Copied from "The Life, Services and Military
Career of The Noble Trio, Ellsworth & Baker."
New York, ~~Parke~~ Baker & Godwin, 1862. Page 86.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1941.

Democracy's Champion, Give Us Courage Now

LINCOLN

Lincoln, democracy's great
champion,
Emancipator of a race
oppressed,
Preserver of our glorious
Union,
Within your hallowed shrine at
Springfield, rest.

Your spirit dwells among us
now; as in
Your day, we face a host of
deadly foes
Within,—yet more without,—
midst fearful din
Of world beset and over-
whelmed with woes.

Our First American, of hardy
race,
Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois,
All claim you,—our whole na-
tion,—every place
Where way of life is, that free
men enjoy.

Yes, battling Britain claims
you, honors you,
As one descended from her
sturdy stock,

And fights for freedom, to
tradition true,
Steadfast, like you and great
Gibraltar's rock.

Your faith, your hope, your
courage never failed,
Midst darkest days of catas-
trophic strife;
While copper-heads and cynics
at you railed,
You fought the good fight,
then laid down your life.

Spirit of Lincoln, animate
us now
Who love the way of life that
you did love,
Help us to fight 'gainst wrong,
and never bow
To foes of freedom, given us
from above.

By Prof. Ernest M. Linton.

FEBRUARY 12, 1809.

Somewhere along a rutted wagon
trail,
Somewhere beneath a blue
Kentucky sky,
Within a rude log shack was heard
a wail,
A baby's first and loud lung-filling
cry.

Prophetic, somehow, just as though
he knew
The rugged path that would be
his to walk,
The world made little note—a friend
or two;
Another baby caused but little talk.

An uneventful February day,
The future's pages all so white
and new;

Ulysses Grant was thirteen years
away,

And Robert Lee had reached the
age of two.

Of John Wilkes Booth no one had
ever dreamed.

His life would not begin for thirty
years;

And yet—and yet a shadow fell, it
seemed.

There would be blood to shed, and
tears.

The country doctor told his wife that
night:

"A baby case—there won't be any
pay—

Tom Lincoln's house, the first one
on the right

Down that bad road—they had a
boy today."

MARY E. LINTON.

Lippincott, J. P. & Co. - Assassination

5
25
65

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia have in
press, and will shortly publish, a handsome volume
consisting of between one and two hundred poems,
written on the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's assassina-
tion. A considerable number of these must be well
worthy of preservation, and the whole will have a
value independent of their strictly poetical merit, as
indicating the universality of the recognition of Mr.
Lincoln's virtues, and of the grief at his loss.

His Old Home Town.

DOWN in Springfield
 They have discovered
 Abraham Lincoln.
 There are diagrams and
 Illustrated maps in the hotels in
 Bright colors
 Showing the route
 From any part of town
 To the Lincoln homestead
 And on the telephone posts
 Are signs reading
 To the Lincoln homestead.
 And a hand points the way.
 It didn't use to be like that
 Years ago in Springfield
 I have stopped people on the street
 And asked them politely
 To direct me to
 The old homestead
 Of A. Lincoln
 And they would stop
 And look puzzled
 And scratch their heads
 And say well now I declare
 I've lived here all my life
 And I ought to know where that
 Homestead is
 It's somewhere down this way
 Or maybe it's over
 That way
 Or maybe it's been moved
 Down to Washington
 And put in the
 Smithsonian Institute
 And I would bid them good-by
 And prowl up and down streets
 And down alleys
 And ask more people
 And they wouldn't know either.
 I never did find the Lincoln homestead
 Until last Sunday
 But now you can't miss it
 We went down to Springfield
 On a train called
 The Lincoln Limited
 And the menu cards
 On the dining car
 Were crowded full
 Of pictures
 Of the Lincoln homestead
 And the tomb of Lincoln
 And his log cabin
 At New Salem
 And the newest
 And finest hotel
 In Springfield
 Is called The Abraham Lincoln
 And stores and shops
 And movie houses
 Are named the Lincoln
 And all about town
 Are bronze tablets
 Which tell you
 That Lincoln had an office there
 Or made a speech
 On that corner
 Or sat in front of the grocery
 Which once stood there
 Or on that spot stood the home
 Of Ninian Wirt Edwards
 Where Lincoln married
 Mary Todd.

In front of the State House
 Is a statue of Lincoln
 Showing him without a beard
 And as he appeared when he walked the
 streets
 Of Springfield
 It is a horrible statue
 And if Lincoln were alive
 He could sue Springfield
 For criminal libel
 But Springfield meant well.
 They say they wanted
 A statue of Lincoln

That was different
 And that is what they got
 It is the most different statue
 In the world.
 And back of the statue
 Carved into the granite
 Are the words of Lincoln's farewell
 speech
 To his friends and neighbors
 When he left Springfield
 To be inaugurated
 President of the United States
 Those were his last words
 In Springfield
 Although
 No one knew at the time
 Or they would have
 Thought much about it
 For Archie Bowen
 Who spends his days and nights
 Hunting up things about Lincoln's life
 In Springfield
 Says that he turned back to the files
 Of the two Springfield papers
 The Journal and the
 State Register
 The day following
 Lincoln's departure
 And the Journal
 Had a story twenty-three lines
 Long
 Farewell speech and all
 And the State Register
 Printed about the
 Same.
 But now
 Everywhere you go in Springfield
 You hear the word
 Lincoln
 And the streets are full of
 Pilgrims
 To the new Mecca.
 First came fifteen hundred children
 From Shenandoah Iowa
 Then children and grownups
 From other towns and from
 Every corner of the country
 Just within the last year
 One hundred and seventy-five thousand
 Pilgrims have come to stand
 In homage before the tomb
 Of Lincoln
 And you can ask any man
 Or woman or child
 That lives in Springfield
 Where the Lincoln homestead is
 Or where Lincoln & Herndon
 Had their law office
 And they smile
 And take you by the arm and
 Tell you stories about Lincoln
 And show you all around
 And give you a cigar
 And try to find out
 What you want for Christmas
 While not many years ago

If you asked a man in Springfield
 To tell you about Lincoln
 He either didn't know or from
 The expression on his face
 You could readily observe
 That you were giving him
 A pain.
 But now it's all changed
 And a wonderful thing has happened
 Abraham Lincoln has reached
 The highest pinnacle of fame
 His old home town
 Has discovered
 That he was a great man.
 —Richard Henry Little in the Chicago
 Tribune. 1925.

Friz Rep 2-12-53

To Lincoln's Picture

Man of the bold and massive brow,
And rugged face, where Nature's mold
Cast all the features of a soul
One noble, mortal face could hold.
The deep-set, genius-lighted eyes,
Which swept the future and the past,
Holding more, in their youthful glance,
Than white haired sages glean at last

Man of deep poverty and toil!
Walking with Nature, hand in hand,
Beating environment's strong walls
To higher heights on which to stand.
Not satisfied to walk the paths
Of lowly life, his fathers trod;
A great soul's instincts reaching out
To give itself to Man and God.

Man of the patriots fire-laved soul!
Which worships at its country's feet.
Whose fingers touched a nation's pulse,
And each one felt his great heart beat.
Who saw the shadow of God's throne,
And clutched the spotless robes of Right;
Christened the brotherhood of Man,
Born in the glare of War's red light.

Strong man of sorrows and of tears!
Grief wrote her story in that face.
Pain left, in every furrowed line,
Some darkly hidden, lurking trace.
Grief was no match for that great soul,
Though at its worst; through its designs,
A chastened, but triumphant soul,
Looks out to soften sorrow's lines.

Man of the martyr's cross and crown!
Earth had no more to give to you.
She swung the gates to other worlds,
To let a mighty soul go through.
Life bound thy brow with laurel leaves.
Death took the crown Life gave to thee,
And dipped the laurel wreath in blood,
To crown thee King of years to be.

W. Irvin Lively



Livingston, Kermit

Lincoln

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers,
A homely hero born of star and sod,
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

He made no pretense to be great or wise,
Yet nations heap their laurels where he lies.

KERMIT LIVINGSTON
811 Archer Avenue
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46808

426-5646

February's Boys

By Gladys Lloyd

(This exercise is for a number of boys, who carry flags. The lines may be read by the teacher or an older pupil. The reader should be off stage. Holding flags erect, boys keep hands down at sides. At last line, flags are waved and boys shout "Hip! hip! hurray!")

We'd like to be real patriots brave;
Our country we would like to save
As Lincoln did, and Washington,
With the great victories they won.
But peaceful times we're living in;
There's no war now to fight and win,
And we're just four feet something tall,
Which isn't soldier height at all;
But every inch of us can stand
Up straight for our loved flag and land,
And serve them as such small boys may,
And shout for them, "Hip! hip! hurray!"

(Boys leave stage, waving flags.)

The Instructor 22-33

Lincoln

Last evening from my windows westward looking
On the grand panorama of the majestic city,—
Dream of the Nation's founder, realized at last
In ample splendor worthy of the great Republic—
I saw the sun beyond the hills of Maryland
Sink suddenly beneath the brink of the horizon;
One moment flaring in its fullest glory,
Like a huge globe of yellow, blazing fire;
One moment seen, and then with swiftiness dropping,
Leaving the landscape cold, lone and unlovely.
But from my high perch, still intently gazing
For some faint trace that splendor might have left behind,
Softly at first there came the flush of sunset,
Tinting the darkened rim of heaven with faintest rose,
Rising and broadened, brightening red and yellow,
Firing the wooded hills, purpling the drifting clouds,
Casting increasing glory o'er the encircling sky,
Until at last the whole horizon was aflame
With vari-colored radiance that left
Its beauteous benison on all the city's streets and monuments,
On the Potomac's waters and the Capitol's far dome,—
Mansion and cottage, far as eye could see, enveloped
In gorgeous robes fallen from the descended sun,—
North, East and South and West marched in this brilliant pageantry
The evening memory of the sun's eternal warmth and light.
And when at last the darkness blotted out the landscape
The last faint glow abiding kindled the kindly stars.

So fell our martyred Lincoln when his great day's work was done,—
Suddenly, without warning, in the midst of full orb'd greatness
Slipped swiftly, as the assassin struck, beneath the world's horizon,
Leaving it cold, blind, lonely and gone dumb with grief.
But in the pathway which his sun had blazoned,
Scorching in fervent heat that Freedom's flower might flourish,
When sunset came there glowed his gentle glory after,
Lighting the land he loved with hues of heaven;
Spreading its beauty to the whole horizon:
Breathing its benediction on the highest and the humblest;
Bathing North, East and South and West in common radiance
Of brotherhood and nationhood. * * * Let our stars be lit
By that reflected light, that in the midst of darkness
We may not lose our way in the fulfillment
Of that high end to which our land was destined
By the heroic souls who made and saved it.

—George B. Lockwood,
In The National Republican.

London Punch
May 6, 1865

Abraham Lincoln
Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865

"You lay a wreath on murdered
Lincoln's bier,"

LONDON PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN



Abraham Lincoln

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

(From London Punch, May 6, 1865)

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier.
YOU, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

YOU, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for YOU?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men;

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who thrusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toll,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim.
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest!

over

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea.
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

Editor of London Punch

Abraham Lincoln

"How humble, yet
how hopeful, he
could be;"

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, not boastful be,
Thirsty for gold, not feverish for blame.

He went about his work - such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand -
As one who knows, when there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

Longacre, W. F.

Pillars of Hercules

"Two massive rocks,
tradition-flung --"

The Independent, Feb. 23, 1911

Pillars of Hercules

(Washington and Lincoln)

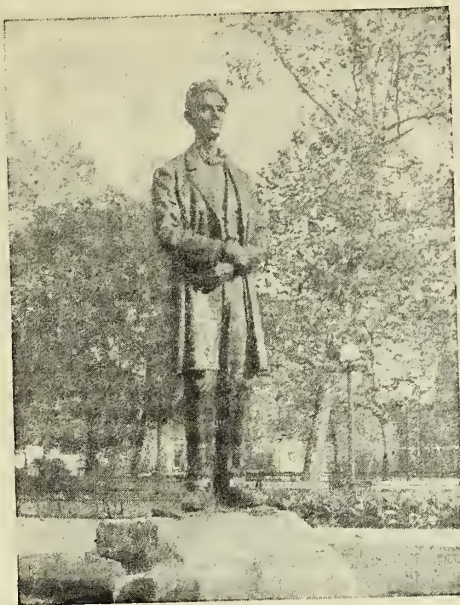
BY WALTER F. LONGACRE

Two massive rocks, tradition-flung,
Gibraltar and the Afric hill,
Outlast their mythic builder's tongue
And guard the Eastern gateway still,
Whence freedom sprang when states were young.

Two giant men, of crises born,
The country's sire and sole compeer,
Loom mighty in the New-World morn:
The one impregnable, austere;
The other vibrant, like a horn.

Behold them as they tower high,
The landmarks of our civic pride;
They buttress, nerve and fortify
The yearning millions at their side,
Strong bulwarks toward the Western sky.

NEW YORK CITY.



© Toeffert Studio

*The Barnard Statue of Lincoln in Lytle
Park, Cincinnati*

Lincoln Memorial

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

*Not many men are brought home by a nation
As Herrick, dead, by France, or Lindbergh, living,
By his own country. Rare the celebration,
And brief the memory of a land's thanksgiving.*

*We name a day for him whose patient wonder
Drove three small ships across an unknown sea;
He has a day who carved our fate asunder
From England's, for a filial liberty.*

*A day is his who balked old hatreds trying
To rend our Union, in their bitterness;
Whose life was justice, and who left in dying
A sounder roof-tree for earth's shelterless.*

*Not many men are brought home by a nation.
One brought a nation home. We love his face,
On every tongue is his perpetuation,
And in each heart he has a resting-place.*

Longstreth, T. M.

Music of the Ages

"They called him a right strange
fellow ---"

The Classmate, February 9, 1924.



Music of the Ages

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

*They called him a right strange fellow,
So honest he was and uncouth,
Loose-hung of limb, with a look grown grim
From wrestling for the truth.*

*But his laugh held them all, like singing,
His yarns made him a pioneer king,
And a pulse in them stirred as if they'd heard
A fiddle's taut G string.*

*From a boy he had borne their burdens,
For them was his manhood spent,
Till his heart became, in its great gaunt frame,
Love's sensitive instrument.*

*Then life struck a terrible music
On his soul; and they thought it odd
That heart-strings so wrung, could still have sung:
But Lincoln's were strung on God.*

THE BURIAL OF LINCOLN

The breath of the spring-time was over
the prairie.

The breezes were laden with the lilac's
perfume;

The thrushes were building their nests
in the meadow.

The orchards were fragrant; snow-
powdered with bloom.

Gently they bore him, our martyr and
idol.

Tenderly, lovingly laid him to rest,
Out where the Sangamon flows calm and

gently,
Like a ribbon of silver, away to the
west.

There with the winds sighing softly
around him.

'Mid the glory of triumphs and a
nation's acclaim;

There on the breast of the prairie they
left him

To the love of the ages—immortal his
fame!

HARRIETTE LORING.

Oliver Lodge 2-12-32

Loveland, Noelif

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"If Lincoln were alive
today"

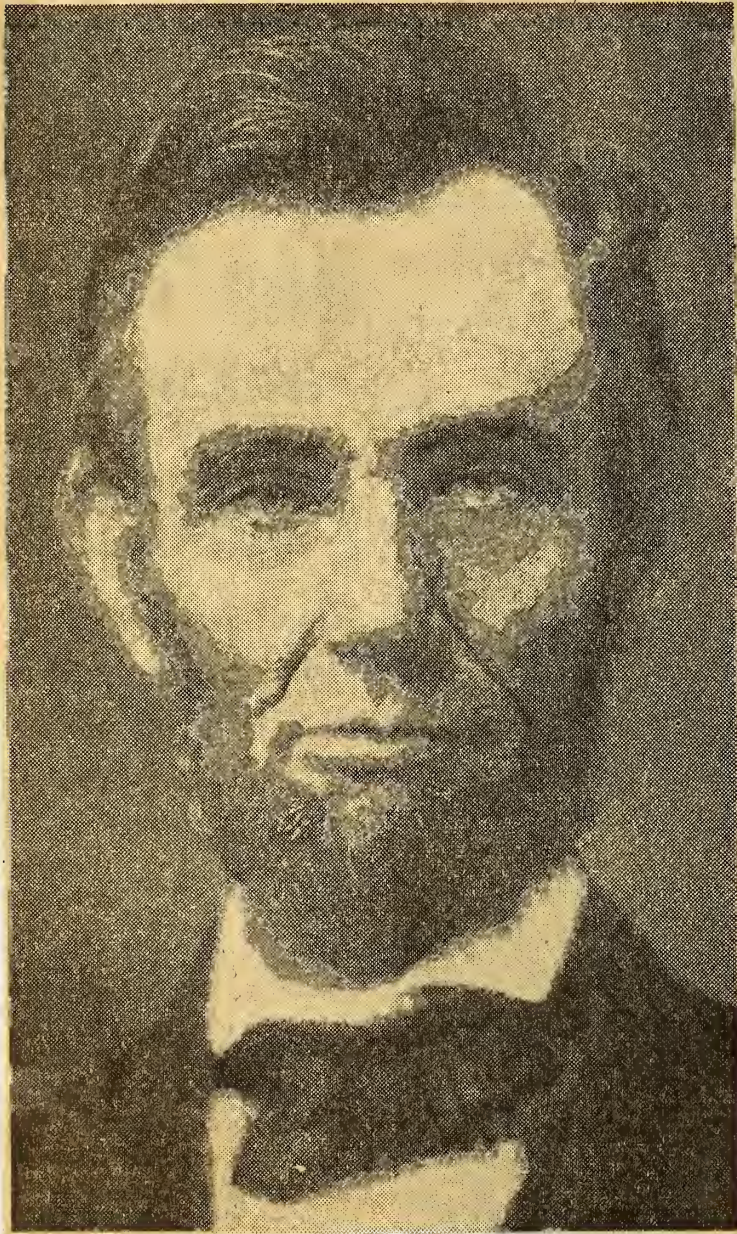
"If Lincoln were alive today"
(The lesser politicians shout),
"If Lincoln lived there is no doubt
"But that he'd do the thing our way,
"If Lincoln were alive today."

Help Us, Lincoln, to Rise Above Bad News

BY ROELIF LOVELAND

We have sore need today, Abraham Lincoln, for those qualities
Which set you apart—which made you a man of the ages,
For the measure of your greatness was not computed
When events were moving smoothly, and friends were many,
But in those weary days when you stood alone, almost deserted,
Carrying the weight of a nation on bowed shoulders.
We particularly need those qualities you showed when the news
was bad,
When Fremont issued impossible orders in the west,
When Pope failed in the Second Battle of Bull Run,
When McClellan failed to pursue Lee after Antietam,
When Burnside failed at Fredericksburg,
When Hooker failed at Chancellorsville,
And you stood there, tall and muscular and ungainly,
Poring over books on military strategy and scanning maps,
Issuing army orders, outlining new campaigns,
Hoping to get the killing over so that men
Could return once more to the sweet paths of peace.
During the first six weeks of the Battle of the Wilderness
You scarcely slept at all, and your eyes were bleak,
And humiliation came to you in bitter doses
As it has come to us today—and may continue to come.
But you were stalwart. Never in darkest days
Did you give up your faith that, once more united,
The several states of our country should face the future
Shoulder to shoulder, aye, and heart to heart.
What were those mystic qualities, Abraham Lincoln,
Born humbly on the Sinking Spring Farm in Kentucky,
That gave to your actions immortality?
"Your unaffected kindness," they recount, "your poise, your
humor,
"Your largeness of soul, your fairness towards opponents,
"Your refusal to lose your temper, your rocklike steadiness,
"Your ability to maintain that well-tempered morale
"Which is so indispensable in a desperate war."
These things, they say, made Abraham Lincoln great.
Clay Whig in a Democratic body—circuit-riding lawyer,
With a battered stovepipe hat, crammed full with papers—
Captain in the Black Hawk War, and well acquainted
With the Bible, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress,
Aesop's Fables and Weems' Life of Washington—
Who dedicated a battleground so beautifully
That the poignance of that dedication shall never die,
And all future dedications shall seem less than his.
In that celestial sphere in which you move
Pray for us today, Abraham Lincoln,
That we, too, may develop faith and steadiness
And the heart to take bad news and to rise above it
And, as you did, Great Soul, to see it through!

Warrior of Mild Heart— His Faith Inspires U. S.



BY ROELIF LOVELAND

ONCE BEFORE in the history of the nation
There were not enough soldiers, not enough rifles,
Not enough of the instruments of war
To keep the nation intact.
But in the White House in Washington,
His face tired and leathery and humble,
Faced with the loss of his most brilliant generals,
Faced with screaming abolitionists and high-tariff men,
Faced with the forerunners of fifth columnists,
Faced with an enemy already gathering,
Lincoln sat alone.
He was a man who thought clearly.
The beauty of simplicity was in his heart,
And so, to our eternal salvation,
He was able to arrive at the crux of the matter,
At the cornerstone of the whole national structure—
Unity.
For Europe has been a caldron
Of seething war and endless argument,
And would continue to be.
Unity—one for all, and all for one!
Lincoln sat alone and hoped.
His armies met defeat after defeat.
Brave foes—our brothers from the south—
Cut regiments to pieces.
The lists of dead and wounded were long.
Volunteer enlistments failed; conscription came.
"Stop it, stop it," mothers cried.
Lincoln's grave face grew gray.
He prayed at night to God Almighty,
But he held fast.
He was not a great man then, to many people,
Just a blundering old rail splitter; baffled
That God had failed to realize
That unity was essential to the nation
If it were to be great and strong and good.
He hung on by his eye teeth,
Continuing to believe in freedom
And unity and sacrifice
And an unswerving devotion
To a cause he knew was right.
And today, although he has been long dead,
He walks among us, and we bless him.
And we could wish for the Man in the White House
No greater strength in time of trouble,
No greater love for his fellow men,
No greater courage in the face of difficulties,
No greater heroism, when heroism is needed,
Than was shown by the Man in the White House,
The rail splitter, with calloused hands,
In 1861. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* 2/2/41

Apt. #206
1750 Sixteenth St., N.W.
Washington, 9, D.C.
February 2, 1961.

Mr. R. Gerald Mc Murtry, Director
Lincoln National Life Foundation,
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Dear Mr. Mc Murtry:

Miss Jean Peelle of the Fulwiler Agency
in Washington, D.C., informed us
it would be alright for us to
submit some complimentary copies
of poems to you, as follows:

- 1) "America is Freedom".
- 2) "Peace and Good Will".
- 3) "God and Country".
- 4) "A Great American".
- 5) "My Resolution".

Have tried with difficulty to obtain
an 8x10 picture of Lincoln in color.
Have received a smaller colored
picture from the Lincoln Nat'l Life Ins. Co.
Of course, this made us very happy.

Cannot understand why there is such a small selection of colored Lincoln pictures in Washington, D.C. Most of them are available in black and some pictures are headless. Was informed that ~~that~~ prior to his Inauguration for President, he did not have one (1860).

Being a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, all this struck me as being odd.

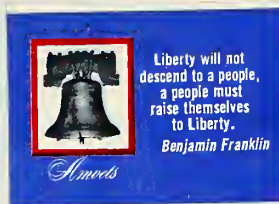
We are indeed grateful to the Lincoln Life Insurance Company, for their kindness and your wonderful work. If you should see fit to publish ^{any} one of these poems, would appreciate and would be highly honored to receive a copy from you.

With renewed gratitude,

Respectfully,
Minnie and Robert Lee Loveless

Encl. (5)

V



JULY 4, 1960.

V

AMERICA IS FREEDOM

AMERICA, AMERICA, THE LAND I LOVE!
TO MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS NOT GONE ABOVE.

MY THANKS HONORABLE GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ITS CONSTITUTION,
THAT HELPED TAKE US OUT OF THIS CONFUSION.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU MAY BE, OUR FLAG IS WAVING THERE,
FOR FREEDOM OF RIGHTS, THIS IS FAIR.

ITS THE ARMY AND NAVY AND UNITED STATES MARINES,
FOR PROTECTION OF OUR INDEPENDENCE AND ALL IT MEANS.

OUR STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER, THIS FLAG WILL ALWAYS WAVE,
NEVER LET IT TOUCH THE GROUND AND ALWAYS BE BRAVE.

OUR BANDS ARE THE GREATEST IN ALL THE LANDS,
NOW OUR STAR SPANGLED BANNER, I'M PROUD TO STAND.

ON THIS DAY OF DECLARATION FOR US ALL,
MY LIFE I OFFER AND READY TO ANSWER CALL.

I'M AN AMERICAN AND CAN SAY THIS,
THE GROUND WALKED UPON I COULD KISS.

MAY GOD BLESS AMERICA, THE LAND I LOVE,
AND TO MY NEIGHBORS WHO ARE IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

WHO DIED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS, RELIGION AND SPEECH,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, TO YOU, WILL ALWAYS TEACH.

Composed by:

Robert Lee Loveless
1750 Sixteenth St., N.W. Apt.#206
Washington, 9, D. C.

Telephone: HUDson 3-5877.

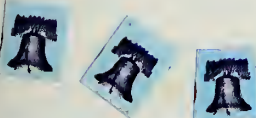
V



V

Let Freedom Ring

Let Freedom Ring



Let Freedom Ring

Let Freedom Ring



OUR RESPECTS TO OUR GREAT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA-OCT.14,1890.

HONORABLE DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER

GOD AND COUNTRY

THE BRAVERY OF A PERSON THAT HELPED HIS FELLOW MAN,
WALKING IN BATTLE AS A GENERAL, ALWAYS TAKING A FAIR STAND.

HONORABLE GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN, TOO,
REMINDS US OF HONORABLE DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, SO TRUE.

THE TIME WE MET, MY THIS WAS A GOD SEND,
WE WILL ALL MISS YOU AND YOUR LOVE, OUR FRIEND.

A LEADER AND STATESMAN, YOU'VE DONE MORE THAN YOUR SHARE,
BUT THAT'S WHY WE LOVE AMERICA, BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN SO FAIR.

FREEDOM AND HONESTY AND YOUR RELIGIOUS WAY,
IN OUR HEARTS WE PROMISE THAT YOU WILL ALWAYS STAY.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU MAY BE, OUR HEARTS RIGHT THERE,
WE WAVE OUR HANDS AND WILL KEEP YOU IN OUR PRAYERS.

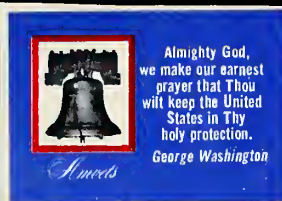
OUR GOD AND COUNTRY, WITH OUR FLAG STILL WAVING THERE,
FREEDOM AND PEACE TO ALL NATIONS, WITH HUMBLE THANKS, FOR YOUR CARE.

AMERICA STANDS FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND GOD IN MIND,
IN YOU AND YOURS, THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, WE FIND.

Comp: Robert Lee Loveless
1750 Sixteenth St., N.W.
Washington, 9, D. C.

Phone: HUDson 3-5877.





IN MEMORY OF THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY -FEBRUARY 22, 1732.
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HONORABLE GEORGE WASHINGTON

A GREAT AMERICAN

FATHER OF OUR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OUR MOST SACRED LAND,
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, THAT WILL ALWAYS STAND.

HE'S NOT GONE, HE JUST WENT AWAY FOR A REST,
SO SEEK HIS WAY; THAT IS THE BEST.

'T WAS A DARKENED STREET, BUT THIS PERSON SAW THE LIGHT,
HIS WORK WAS FROM MORNING TO LATE AT NIGHT.

A STAR THAT WAS BORN TO AMERICA THIS DAY, *
HE'S NOT GONE, HE WILL BE WITH US TO STAY.

WILLING TO SHARE AND HELP SHOW THE WAY,
THIS GREAT AMERICAN HAS BEEN FOUND THIS DAY.

FOR JUSTICE AND RIGHTEOUSNESS, THIS HISTORY WILL ALWAYS BE,
I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN, THANKS TO THEE.

A SACRED PRAYER TO YOU IN HEAVEN THIS DAY,
YOU ARE AN AMERICAN THAT DIDN'T GO ASTRAY.

THIS AMERICAN FLAG WILL ALWAYS WAVE, KEEPING YOU IN MIND,
THANKS AGAIN FOR BEING SO THOUGHTFUL, GOOD AND KIND.

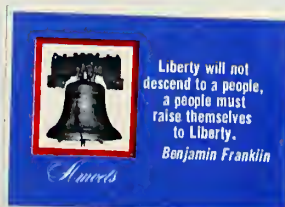
THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE UNITED STATES MARINES,
THAT'S PROTECTION OF OUR INDEPENDENCE AND ALL IT MEANS.

NOW OUR STAR SPANGLED BANNER, WE'RE PROUD TO STAND,
WE THANK THEE, FATHER, AND OUR GREATEST BANDS IN ALL THE LANDS.



Composed: Robert Lee Loveless
1750 Sixteenth St., N.W. #206
Washington, 9, D. C.

Phone: HUDson 3-5877.





IN MEMORY OF THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HONORABLE ABRAHAM LINCOLN

OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

THIS AMERICAN HERITAGE AS THE CHIMES RING ALOUD, TOO,
OF A GREAT MARTYR SO HUMBLE, BRAVE, AND TRUE.

AS WE LOOK UPON THY FACE THESE WORDS FULFIL,
ENSHRINED IN THE HEARTS OF ALL MAN STILL.

THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN MEMORIAL LIGHTED SO BRIGHT,
A TEMPLE SO HISTORIC SHINING LIKE THE STARS AT NIGHT.

EMBRACED IN OUR HEARTS OF A MAN SO LOYAL,
YOUR NAME WE HEAR, ABRAHAM LINCOLN THEY CALL.

A GREAT HERO THAT NO MAN SHALL EVER FORGET THEE,
A MIGHTY EAGLE STILL STANDS AND LIBERTY WE SEE.

THIS FREEDOM FOR ALL AND A RIGHT TO SPEAK,
FOR THE HUMBLE AND BRAVE, YOUR WAY WE SEEK.

A STATUE STILL STANDS, NO MATTER WHERE IT BE,
THIS SYMBOL OF FAITH FOR ALL, WE OFFER THIS KEY.

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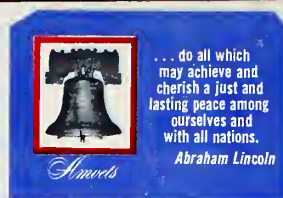
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IN MEMORY OF THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF OUR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA-FEB. 12, 1861.

HONORABLE ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PEACE AND GOOD WILL

'T WAS ANOTHER HOPE THAT OUR LORD HAD MADE,
SENDING A GREAT AMERICAN THAT WILL NEVER, NEVER FADE.

HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO HELP SHOW US THE WAY,
A SELF MADE MAN WHO CAME THIS DAY.

HE SPOKE OF HONESTY, AND LOYALTY, AND TRUTHFULNESS,
TO HELP SHOW MAN WITH DEEDS, THIS IS SACREDNESS.

AN OFFER OF GOOD WILL, THAT'S WHAT FREEDOM STANDS FOR,
NO ONE COULD HAVE ASKED FOR ANYTHING MORE.

MAY THIS GREAT SAMARITAN REST IN PRAYER, THIS IS MY FILL,
WE THANK THEE, OUR SAVIOUR, WITH PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

A HOUSE CANNOT BE BUILT WITHOUT THE HELP OF GOD,
OR LABOR OF YOUR NEIGHBOR, WHILE WE WALK THIS SOD.

TRUST AND BELIEVE WITH THESE WORDS SO TRUE,
MANY HAVE COME BUT HE WAS ONE OF THE FEW.

"WITH CHARITY FOR ALL AND MALICE TOWARD NONE",
I'M PROUD OF AMERICA AND BEING ONE OF YOUR SONS.



Comp.

Robert Lee Loveless
1750 Sixteenth St., N.W. #206
Washington, 9, D. C.





JANUARY 1, 1961.

MY RESOLUTION

THIS NEW YEAR RESOLUTION IS SENT TO YOURS AND YOU,
LOVING YOUR NEIGHBOR AND LIFTING UP THE BLUE.

I THANK THE LORD FOR ALL HE HAS DONE,
WITH PEACE AND GOOD WILL FROM GOD YET TO COME.

THIS PRAYER I SAY AS I KNEEL BESIDE MY BED,
MAY GOD BLESS THEE AND KEEP THEE FED.

TO YOU, MY NEIGHBOR, GEE YOU ARE SWELL,
MAY GOD KEEP YOURS AND YOU ALWAYS WELL.

Comp: Robert Lee Loveless
1750 Sixteenth St., N.W. #206
Washington, 9, D. C.

February 14, 1961

Mr. Robert Loveless
1750 Sixteenth Street, N. W.
Apt. 206
Washington 9, D.C.

Dear Mr. Loveless:

I wish to acknowledge with thanks your recent letter addressed to Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry with its enclosures of copies of your poetry.

Mr. McMurtry is out of the office on his annual speaking itinerary and will return here the first of next month, at which time I will bring your correspondence to his attention.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Margaret Moellering

MM:wb

March 13, 1961

Mr. Robert Loveless
1750 Sixteenth Street, N.W.
Apt. 206
Washington 9, D. C.

Dear Mr. Loveless:

I have just returned to my desk after a forty day speaking tour in the South.

I find your letter of February 2nd and Lincoln poems on my desk. We are happy to have this poetry and it will find a permanent place in our files.

Many thanks to you for thinking of us in this connection.

Yours sincerely,

R. Gerald McMurtry

RGM:hw

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Henry Polk Lowenstein in White Hall Register-Republican

Here is a man who is four square,
Of humble birth but noble air,
Who drank the dregs of poverty,
And gave his life that men be free.
And live in hope and not despair.

In peace he sleeps without a care,
'Neath granite shaft and winding stair,
Still pointing upward hopefully,
Here is a man!

No craggy height he did not dare,
Nor eagle's flight he did not share;
With outstretched sail upon the sea,
His ship swept on for Liberty,
Till safely anchored Over There,
Here is a man!

LIKE LINCOLN

*Like Lincoln, the Insurance Man
Pursues his daily work;
He strives to free humanity
From deadly foes that lurk
Unseen within the shadows,
That hover o'er our path,
To strike, enslave, unto the grave,
With sordid aftermath.*

*Like Lincoln, the Insurance Man
Emancipates the poor;
From day to day he points the way
To joys bound to endure.
Our homes, our lives protected
From fire, or flood or storm;
Our hopes are resurrected
Through some insurance form.*

*Like Lincoln, the Insurance Man
Projects his doctrines true;
And in a civil strife strewn land
He guides us safely through.
Our lives grow richer, fairer,
If prudently we plan
To avoid life's costly errors
Through the Insurance Man.*

—EBER. S. LUSK



L., R.H.

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*How to the Line, let the
quips fall where they may.* 9225

HIS OLD HOME TOWN

DOWN in Springfield
They have discovered
Abraham Lincoln.
There are diagrams and
Illustrated maps in the hotels in
Bright colors
Showing the route
From any part of town
To the Lincoln homestead
And on the telephone posts
Are signs reading
To the Lincoln homestead
And a hand points the way
It didn't use to be like that
Years ago in Springfield
I have stopped people on the street
And asked them politely
To direct me to
The old homestead
Of A. Lincoln
And they would stop
And look puzzled
And scratch their heads
And say well now I declare
I've lived here all my life
And I ought to know where that
Homestead is
It's somewheres down this way
Or maybe it's over
That way
Or maybe it's been moved
Down to Washington
And put in the
Smithsonian institute
And I would bid them good-by
And prowl up and down streets
And down alleys
And ask more people
And they wouldn't know either.
I never did find the Lincoln homestead
Until last Sunday
But now you can't miss it
We went down to Springfield
On a train called
The Lincoln Limited
And the menu cards
On the dining car
Were crowded full
Of pictures
Of the Lincoln homestead
And the tomb of Lincoln
And his log cabin
At New Salem
And the newest
And finest hotel
In Springfield
Is called The Abraham Lincoln
And stores and shops
And movie houses
Are named the Lincoln
And all about town
Are bronze tablets
Which tell you
That Lincoln had an office there
Or made a speech
On that corner
Or sat in front of the grocery
Which once stood there
Or on that spot stood the home
Of Ninian Wirt Edwards
Where Lincoln married
Mary Todd.
In front of the State House
Is a statue of Lincoln
Showing him without a beard
And as he appeared when he walked the streets

His Old Home Town

"Down in Springfield"

Of Springfield
It is a horrible statue
And if Lincoln were alive
He could sue Springfield
For criminal libel
But Springfield meant well,
They say they wanted
A statue of Lincoln
That was different
And that is what they got
It is the most different statue
In the world.
And back of the statue
Carved into the granite
Are the words of Lincoln's farewell speech
To his friends and neighbors
When he left Springfield
To be inaugurated
President of the United States
Those were his last words
In Springfield
Although
No one knew at the time
Or could they have
Thought much about it
For Archie Bowen
Who spends his days and nights
Hunting up things about Lincoln's life
In Springfield
Says that he turned back to the files
Of the two Springfield papers
The Journal and the
State Register
The day following
Lincoln's departure
And the Journal
Had a story twenty-three lines
Long
Farewell speech and all
And the State Register
Printed about the
Same.
But now
Everywhere you go in Springfield
You hear the word
Lincoln
And the streets are full of
Pilgrims
To the new Mecca.
First came fifteen hundred children
From Shenandoah Iowa
Then children and grownups
From other towns and from
Every corner of the country
Just within the last year
One hundred and seventy-five thousand
Pilgrims have come to stand
In homage before the tomb
Of Lincoln
And you can ask any man
Or woman or child
That lives in Springfield
Where the Lincoln homestead is
Or where Lincoln & Herndon
Had their law office
And they smile
And take you by the arm and
Tell you stories about Lincoln
And show you all around
And give you a cigar
And try to find out
What you want for Christmas
While not many years ago
If you asked a man in Springfield
To tell you about Lincoln
He either didn't know or from
The expression on his face
You could readily observe
That you were giving him
A pain.
But now it's all changed
And a wonderful thing has happened
Abraham Lincoln has reached
The highest pinnacle of fame
His old home town
Has discovered
That he was a great man.

R. H. L.



